

SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD IT'S  
BREAKFAST TIME.

SOMEWHERE IT'S MORNING. SOMEWHERE DAWN IS  
STRUGGLING UP, WARMING HEARTS AND FLOWERS.

WHERE'RE YOU  
TAKING ME, HUH?  
AM - AM I GONNA  
BE SET FREE?  
HUH?

THE MASTER WANTS  
TO SEE YOU.  
NOW **SHUT UP!**

BUT NOT HERE. HERE IS PERPETUAL NIGHT, THE DARKNESS SUITED  
ONLY TO THE LIKES OF THIEVES, MURDERERS AND LATE-NIGHT  
SNACKERS.



# BREAKFAST of the GODS



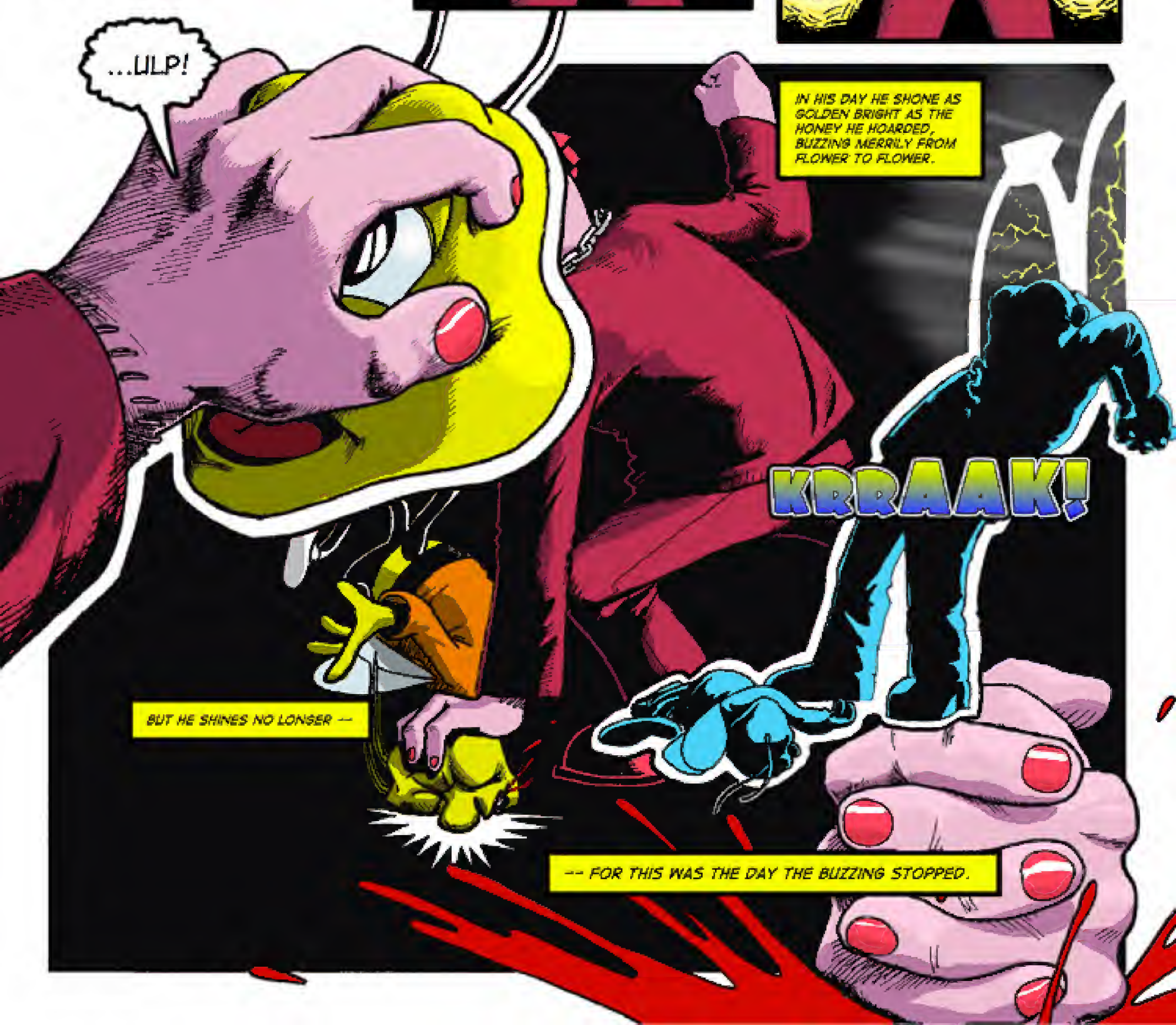
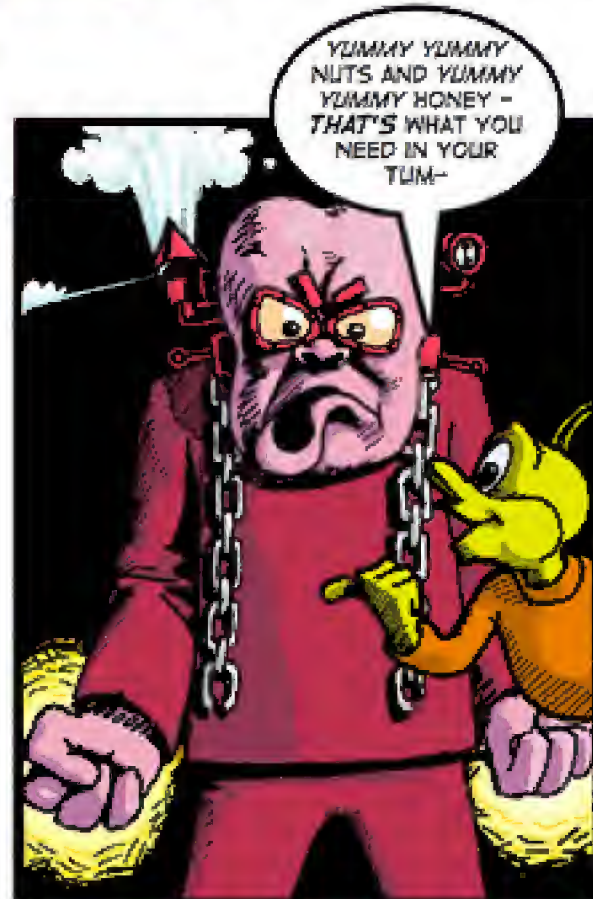
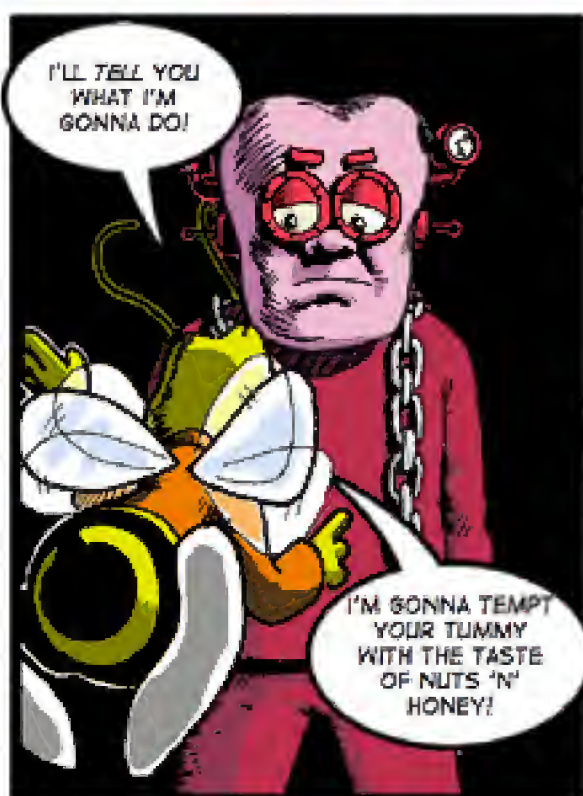
book one of three

THE LAST GOOD MORNING





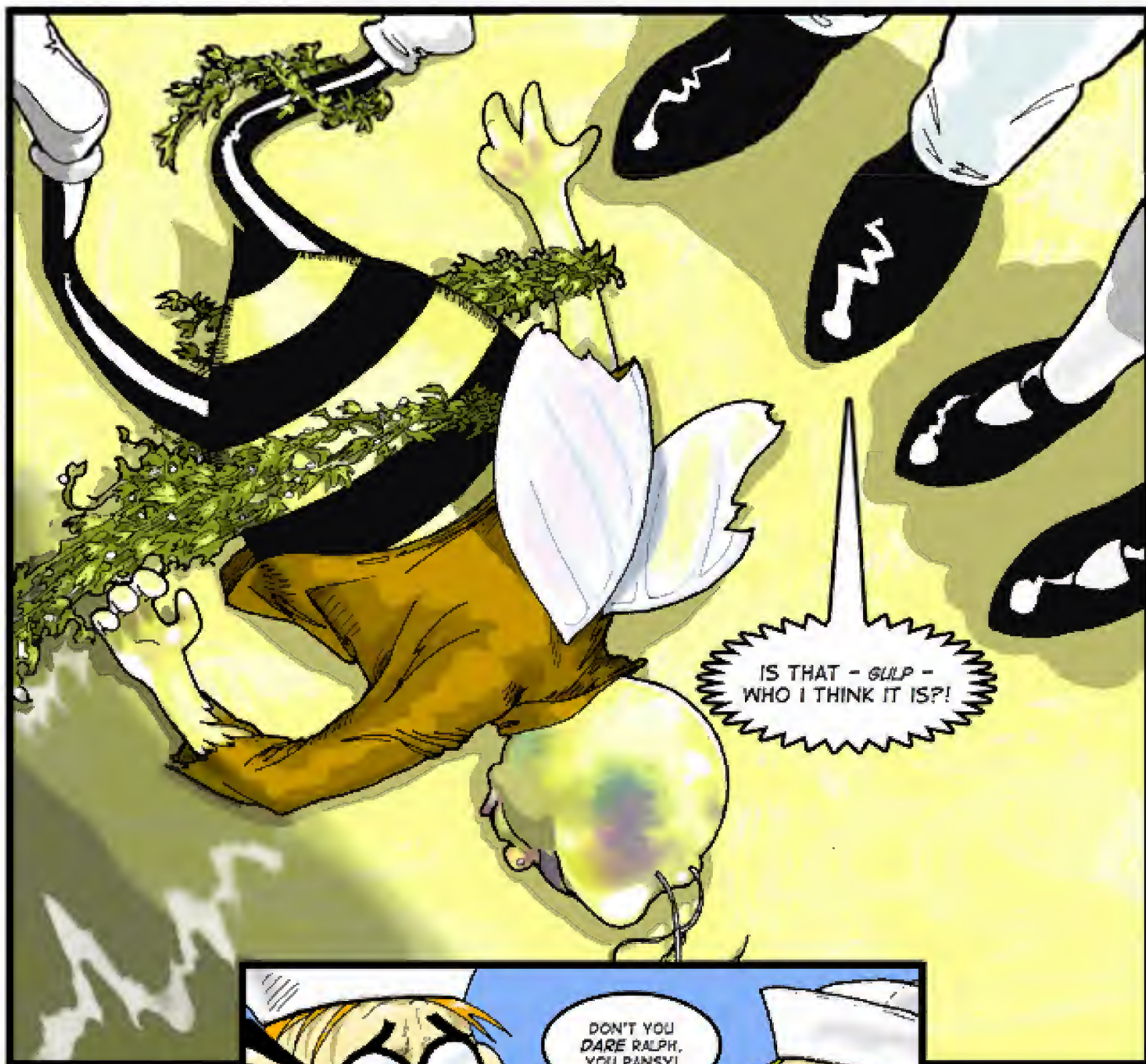






THE MILKY SEAS OF CEREALIA PROVIDE MANY THINGS FOR THOSE WHO VISIT THEIR SHORES - THEY PROVIDE SUSTENANCE, BONE-FORTIFYING CALCIUM, AND BREATHTAKING VISTAS.

BUT THIS MORNING, THEY OFFER SOMETHING MUCH LESS PLEASANT....





SOMEWHERE ELSE....

SO IT BEGINS.

IT HAS BEGUN.

THE FIRST DOMINO  
HATH FALLEN.

THE WHEEL IS IN SPIN.

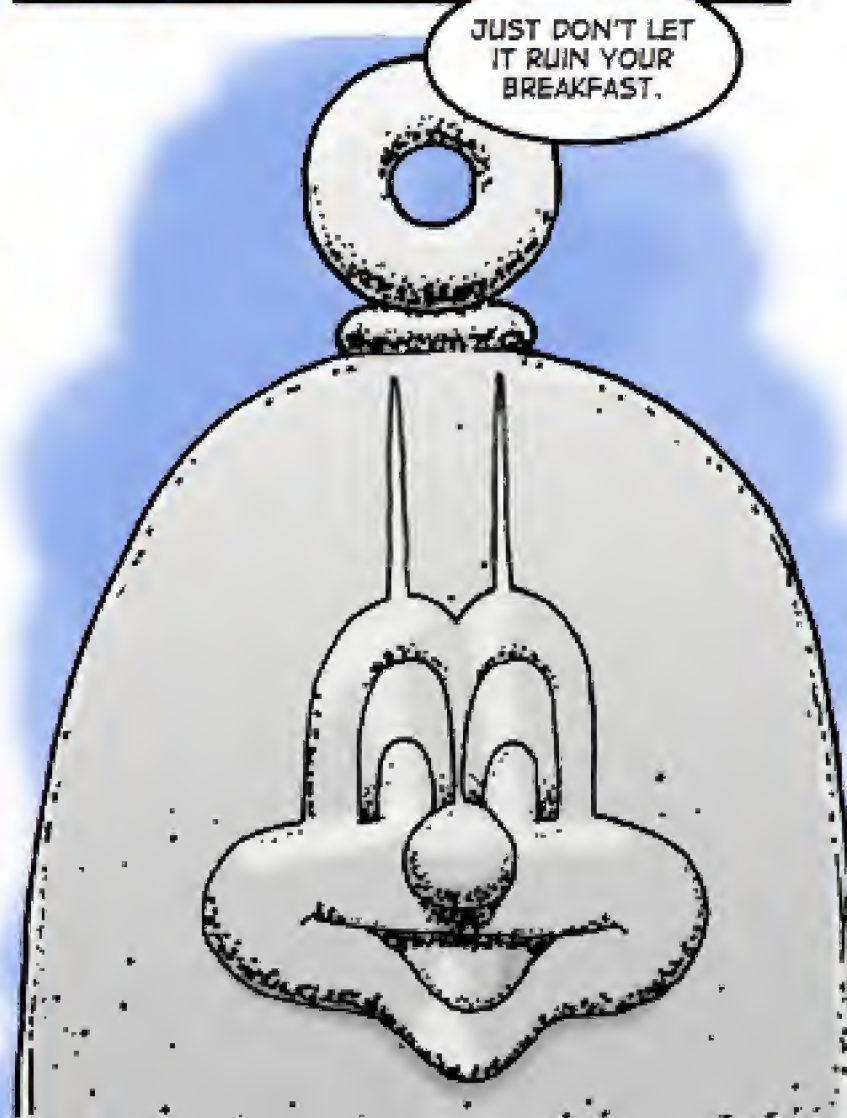
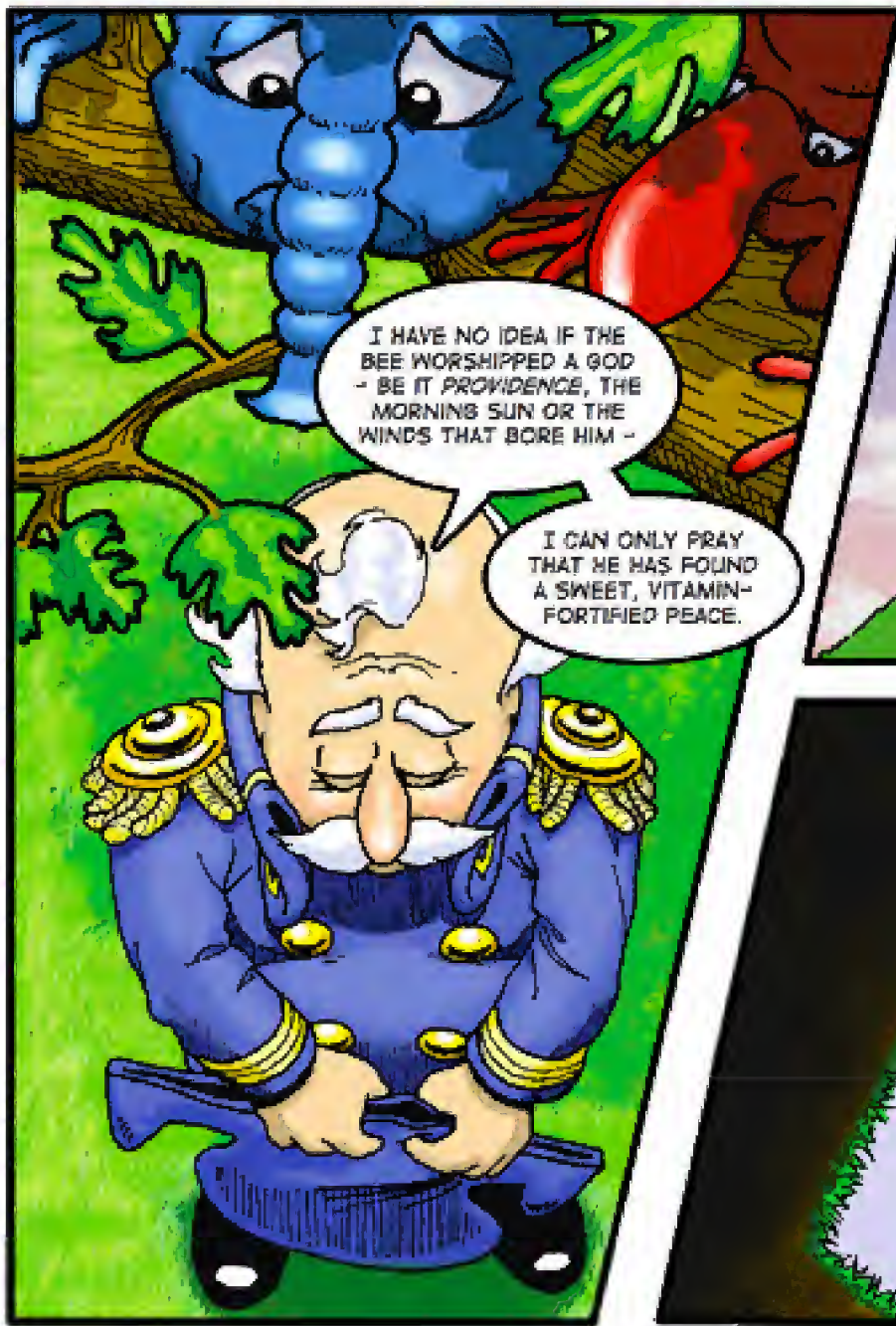
DESTINY HAS WRIT THE  
FIRST CHAPTER OF THE  
GREAT SAGA.

THIS IS HOW IT  
STARTS RIGHT HERE.

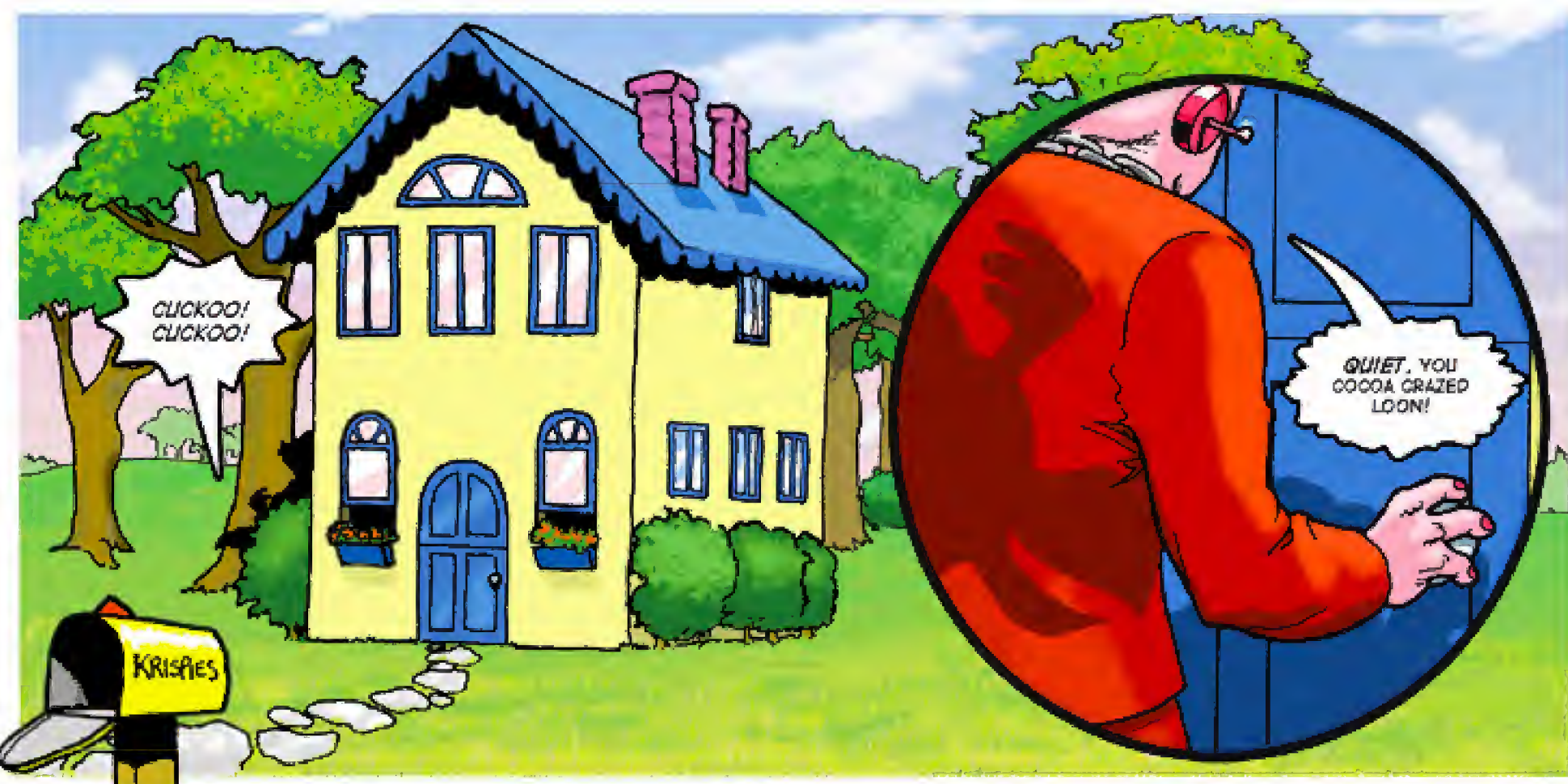
IT GOES SOMETHING A  
LITTLE LIKE THIS.

READY, SET, AND  
AWAAAAAY WE GO!

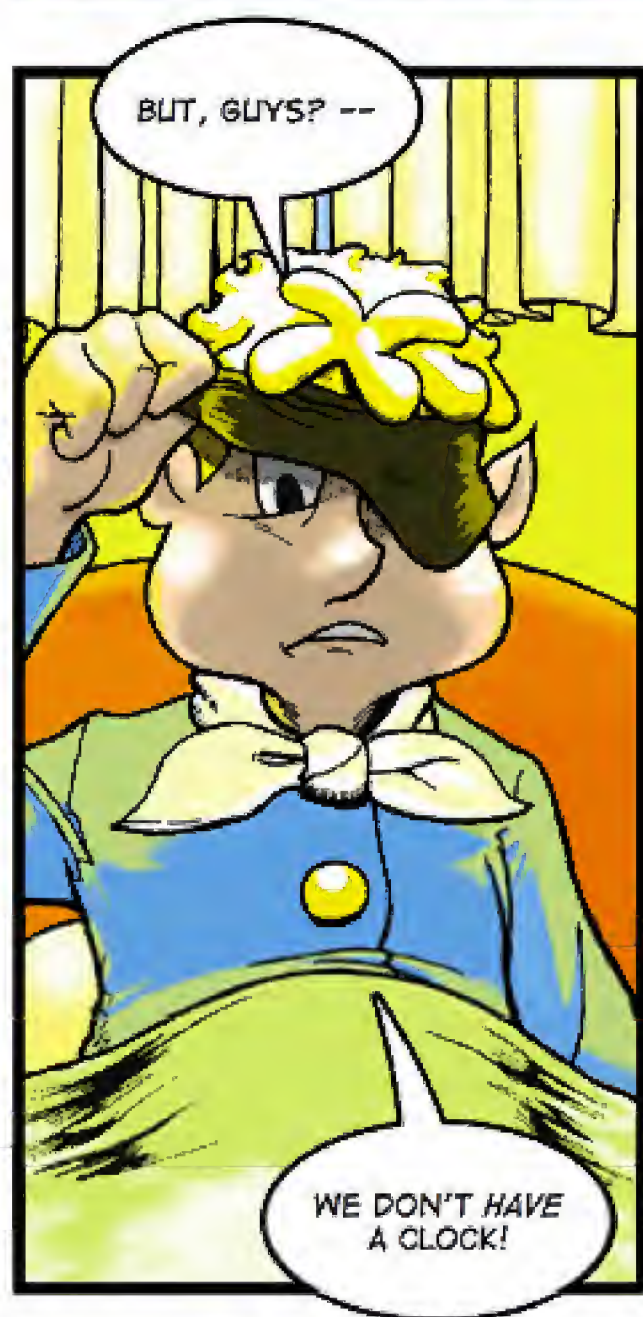
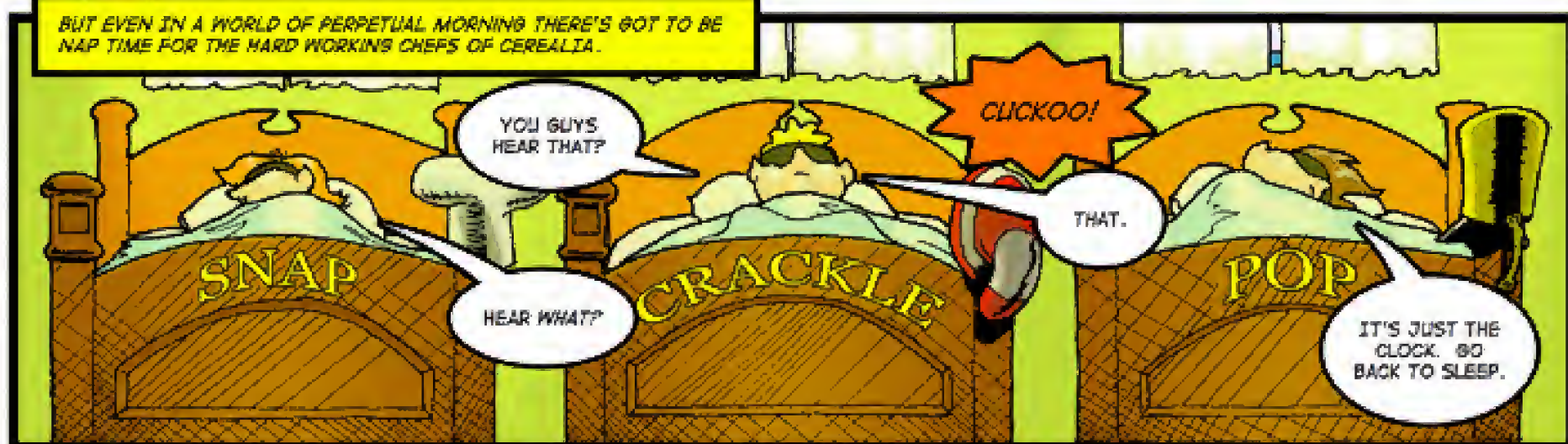








BUT EVEN IN A WORLD OF PERPETUAL MORNING THERE'S GOT TO BE NAP TIME FOR THE HARD WORKING CHEFS OF CEREALIA.







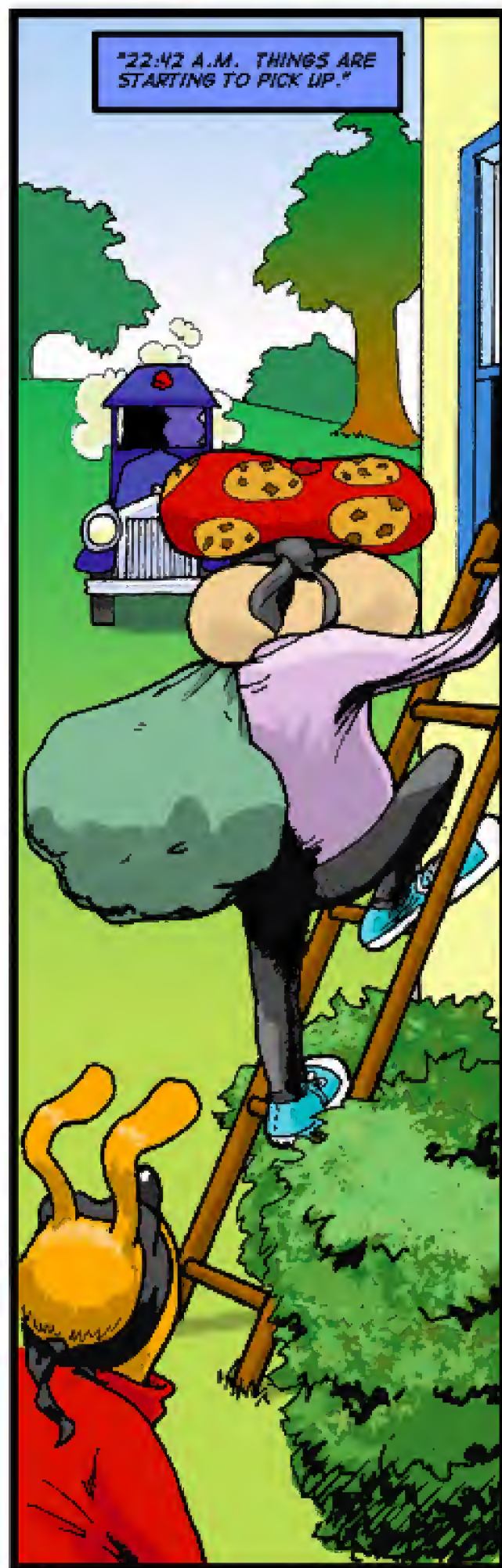
"22:58 A.M. IT'S BEEN A SLOW MORNING. BUT, THEN AGAIN, THEY'RE ALL SLOW MORNINGS AROUND HERE."

"I COULD CARRY ON ABOUT LACK OF PURPOSE IN MY LIFE, BUT THAT'S NOT MY JOB AND WOULD MAKE FOR A SLOPPY REPORT."



"YEAH, YOU COULD SAY I'M A MAN SUFFERING A SOUL-DEEP ENNUI, BUT FIRST AND FOREMOST -

- I'M A COP."



"22:42 A.M. THINGS ARE STARTING TO PICK UP."



GOTCHA, YOU SCUM-SUCKING PERP!

HOOLUI!



CHOMP!





# JAIL

THANKS FOR COMING, TONY.

I THOUGHT SOMEONE OF YOUR - EH - STATURE MIGHT BE A LITTLE MORE PERSUASIVE.

ONE MORE CHANCE TO GET THIS RIGHT, CROOK. WHAT DID YOU DO WITH SNAP, CRACKLE, AND POP?

AW CHRIST, TON'! LIKE I SAID, I W'S JUS' LIFTIN' STUFF -

I DON' KNOW WHERE TH' L'L FAIRIES ARE.

ELVES.

YOU OUGHTA KNOW, HUH COPPER?

WHY YOU-!

NO. NO MORE.

LOUSY SCREW.







WAS THAT NECESSARY?

WAS WHAT NECESSARY?



WORKING HIM OVER THAT HARD WHEN IT'S OBVIOUS HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE ABDUCTION.



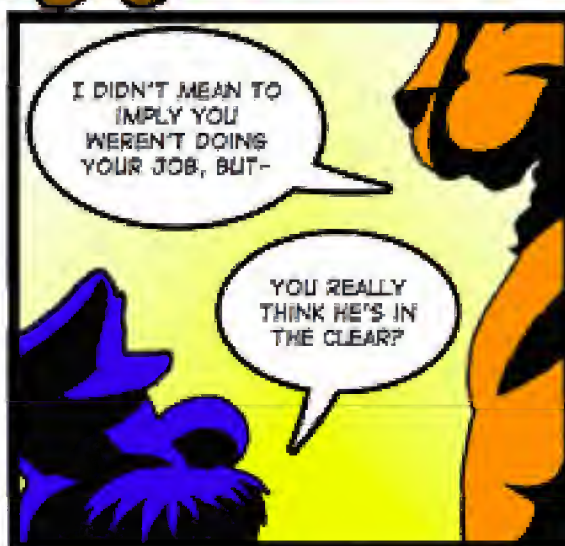
LISTEN HERE, MR. HIGH 'N' MIGHTY, NOBODY KNOWS BETTER THAN I DO WHAT KIND OF CRETIN I GOT LOCKED UP IN THERE.



HOW SOON THEY FORGET THE ANARCHY WE HAD AFTER THE KING AND HIS WIZARD PULLED THEIR DISAPPEARING ACT.

WELL, I REMEMBER!

I REMEMBER BUSTIN' MY HUMP MORNING IN AND MORNING OUT TO MAKE SURE THE DEVIANTS AN' THE PSYCHOS DIDN'T NAB THE FLAKES RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER THE FROSTING, GET ME?



I DIDN'T MEAN TO IMPLY YOU WEREN'T DOING YOUR JOB, BUT-

YOU REALLY THINK HE'S IN THE CLEAR?



HE SAW THE PLACE WAS EMPTY AND PICKED IT CLEAN, BUT HE'S JUST NOT SMART ENOUGH TO ENGINEER A GROUP KIDNAPPING.

WHICH LEAVES US --



IN THE DARK.

# SNAP!

YYAAAGH!!

HK-K...PLEASE - PLEASE, NO MORE...!







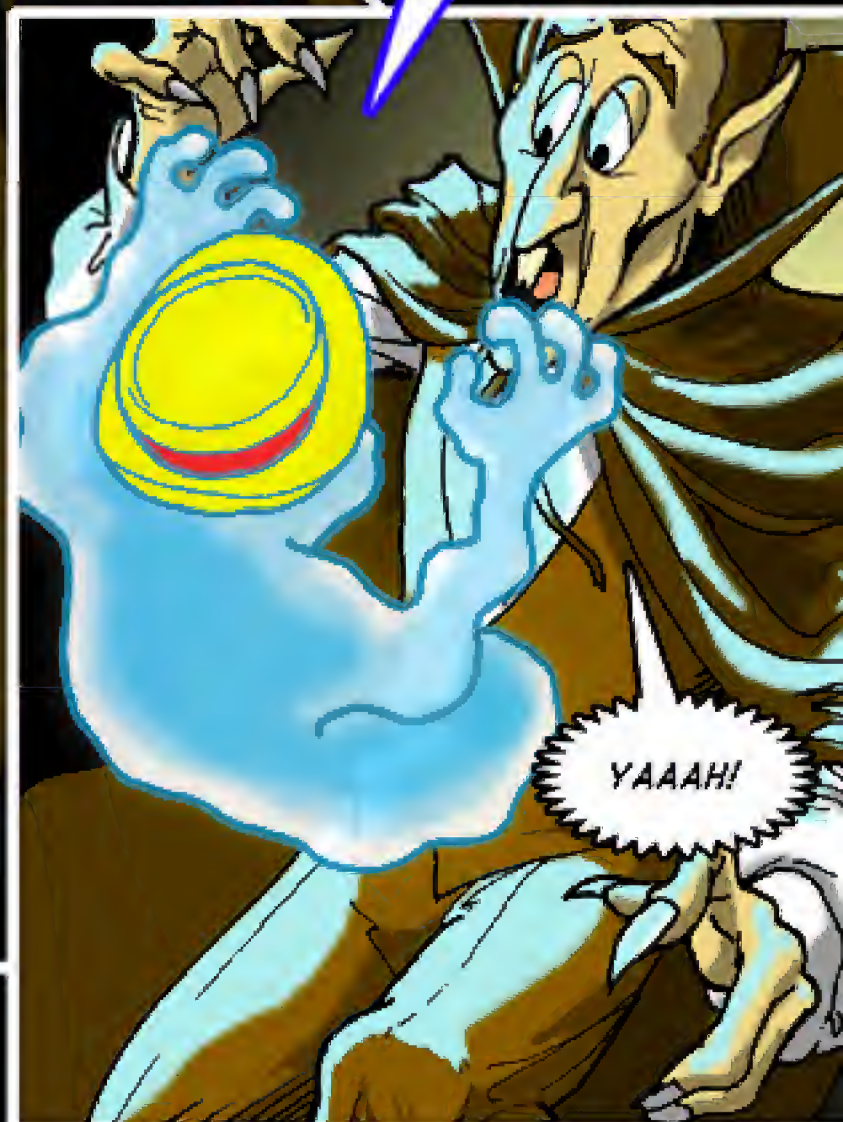
AS SUCH GRIM DEEDS CONTINUE IN THE DEPTHS OF CASTLE CHOCULA, THE MASTER OF THE KEEP SHARES A MOMENT'S REFLECTION WITH HIS BEST AND CONSTANT COMPANION....



AM, NIGHT, GLORIOUS NIGHT,  
WHAT SECRETS YOU HOLD  
AND HOW FORTUNATE I AM  
TO SHARE THEM.

SPEAK NOW, I SHALL  
LISTEN...

**BOO!**

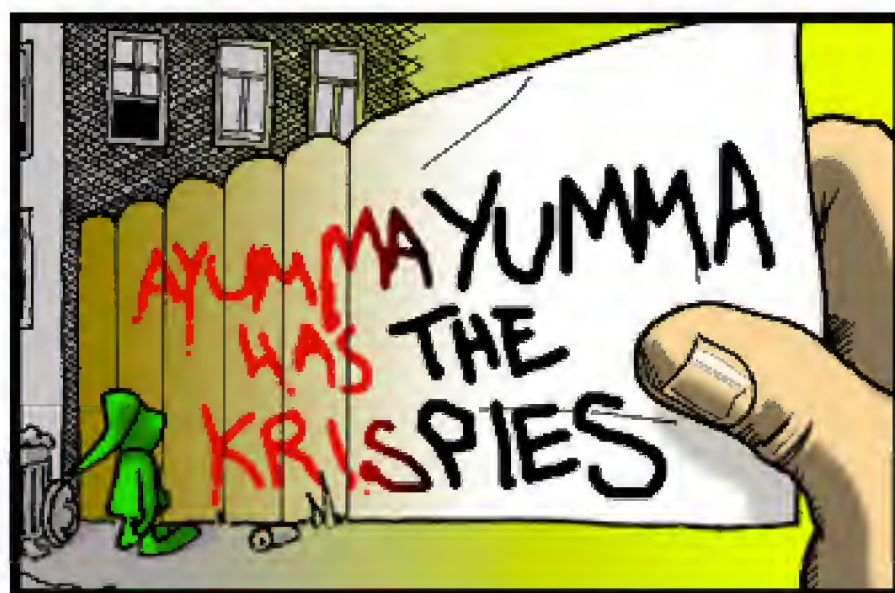


**YAAAH!**









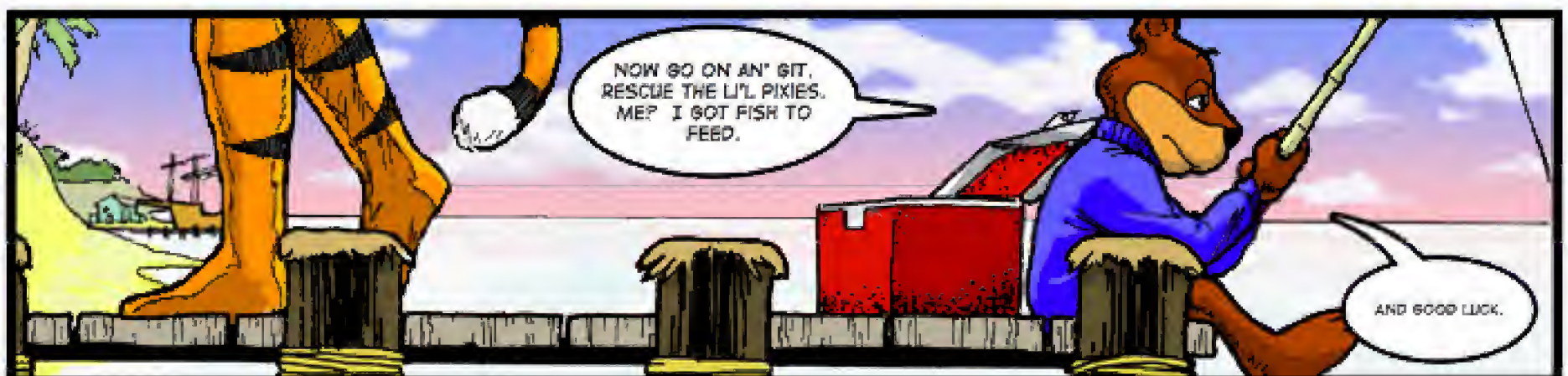
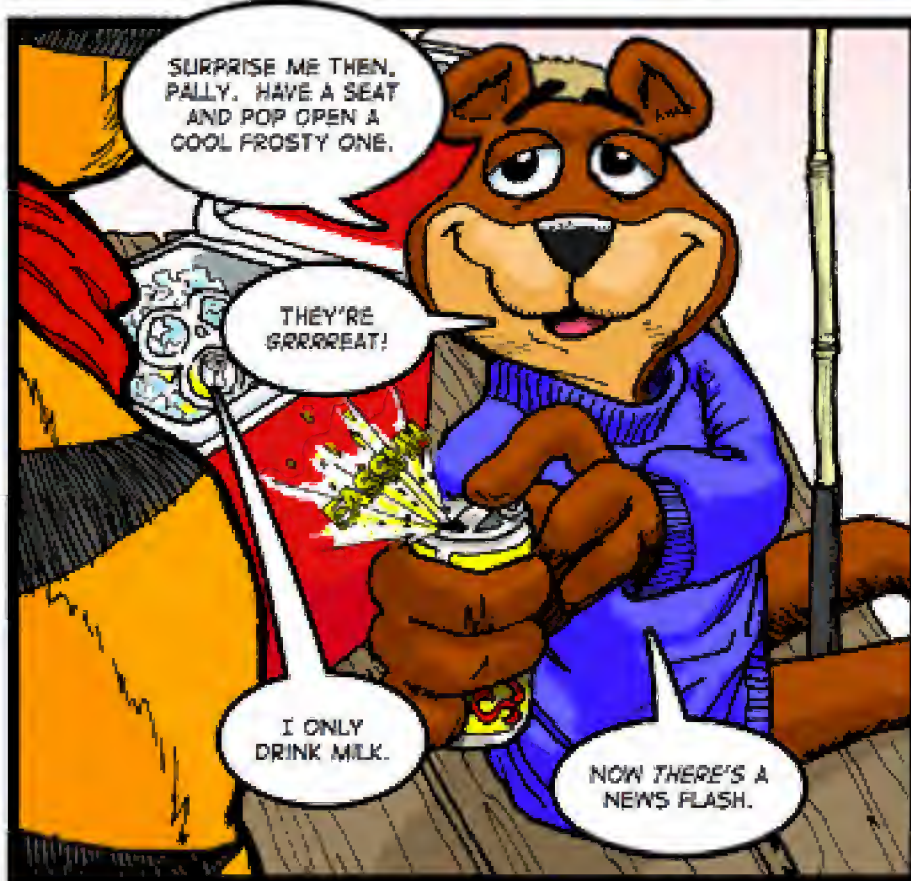
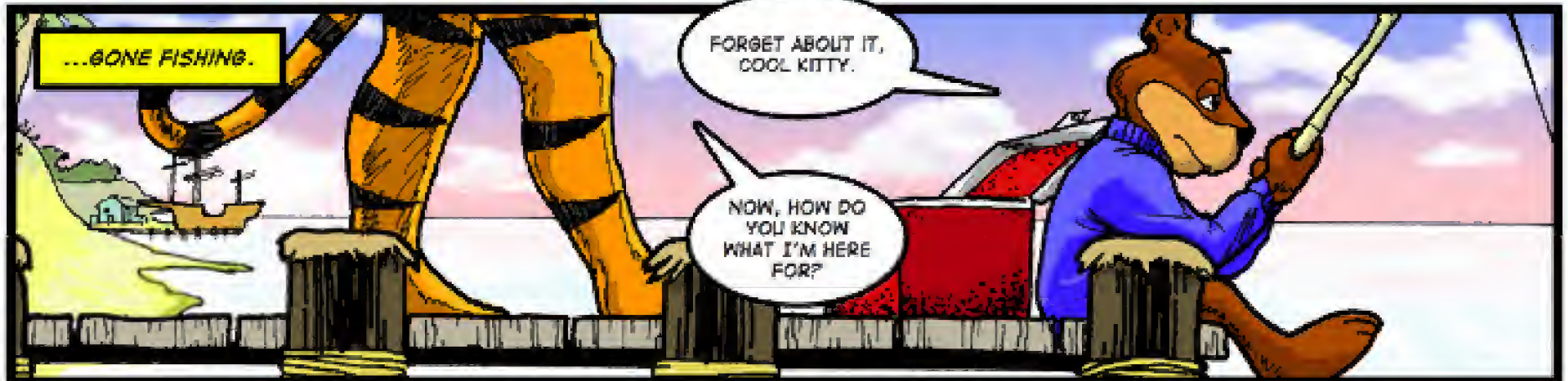


A HASTY PLAN IS PUT INTO ACTION.

THE CAP'N HAS ALWAYS BEEN A DECISIVE MAN BUT IT IS WITH A HEAVY HEART THAT THE OLD SAILOR OVERSEES THE ASSEMBLY OF A RESCUE SQUAD HE PRAYS IS UNNECESSARY.

CRUNCH SENDS THE TIGER FORTH TO RECRUIT FROM THE ABLE-BODIED MEN AND TALKING ANIMALS OF CEREALIA. BUT, THOUGH THEIR CAUSE IS JUST, TONY CAN PERSUADE NO ONE TO JOIN THEM.

SOME ARE AFRAID. SOME ARE "OTHERWISE OCCUPIED." SOME ARE SIMPLY...





A BIT OF HISTORY BEFORE WE CONTINUE.

THERE WAS A TIME BEFORE THE COMING OF THE KING, THE WIZARD, EVEN THE CAP'N (A MAN MUCH OLDER THAN HE LOOKS) WHEN THIS LAND HAD NO NAME AND WAS PEOPLED BY A PEACEFUL TRIBE OF NATIVES.

THEY WERE SIMPLE FOLK LIVING IN HARMONY WITH THE LAND AND NATURE.

SO WHEN THE OUTSIDERS CAME - WITH THEIR THIAMIN MONONITRATE, THEIR PARTIALLY HYDROGENATED COTTONSEED OIL AND YELLOW DYE NUMBER 5 - THEY WERE WELCOMED WITH NAIVE TRUST.

THE NATIVES WERE REWARDED WITH THE INVASION OF THEIR HOMELAND AS MORE AND MORE OF THESE SUGAR-COATED LAND GRABBERS SWARMED THROUGH THEIR FIELDS AND VILLAGES - TAKING, ALWAYS TAKING.

UNTIL THERE CAME A GOOD AND JUST KING UNITING THESE DISPARATE PEOPLES UNDER ONE STANDARD.

STILL THE NATIVES LEFT THE MAINLAND AND CLAIMED THE NEARBY FRUIT ISLANDS WHERE THE VOLCANOS FLOW FORTH EVERY FRUIT IMAGINABLE.

UNDER THEIR JOLLY CHIEF, KING AYUMMAYUMMA, THE NATIVES QUICKLY ADAPTED TO A LIFE OF HARVEST AND TRADE.

# THE CRUNCH MAP OF CEREALIA AND THE FRUIT ISLANDS



IT HAD LONG BEEN ASSUMED THAT THOSE OLD WOUNDS HAD HEALED YET, AS HIS PROUD VESSEL - THE S.S. GUPPY - CUTS THE WAVES, CAP'N HORATIO P. CRUNCH IS CONSUMED WITH DIRE THOUGHTS.



WHY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF PEACE WOULD AYUMMAYUMMA TAKE HOSTAGES? WHAT COULD HE HOPE TO GAIN?

"I MISS THOSE SIMPLER MORNINGS," HE THINKS. "WE SURE COULD USE YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS."



LAND YOOOOO!

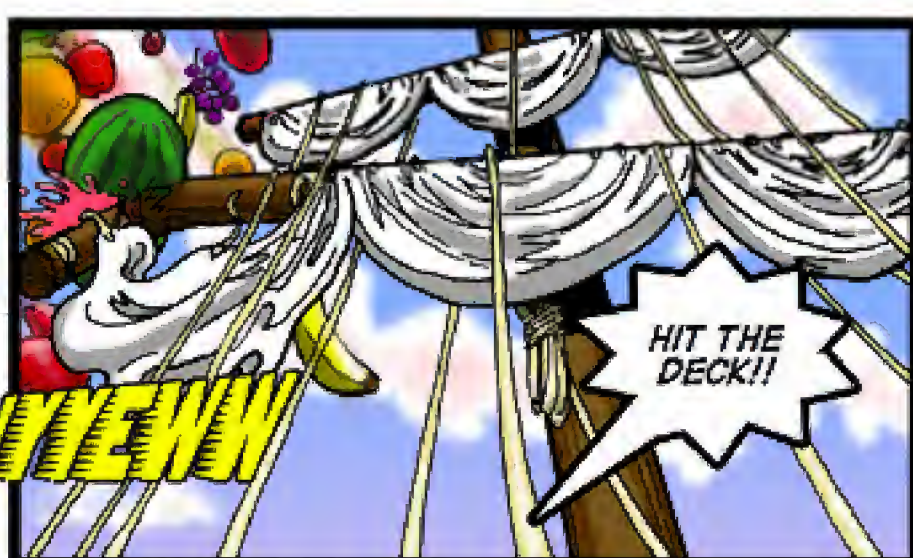
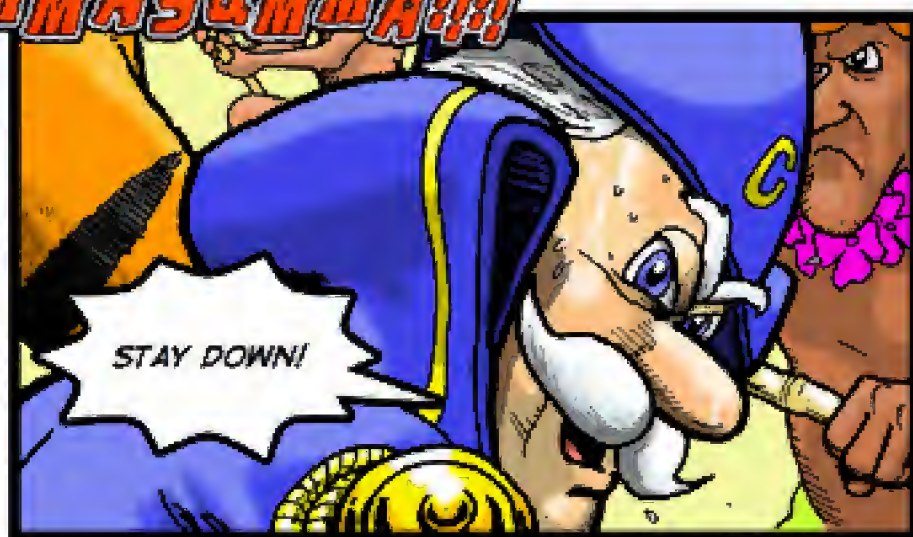
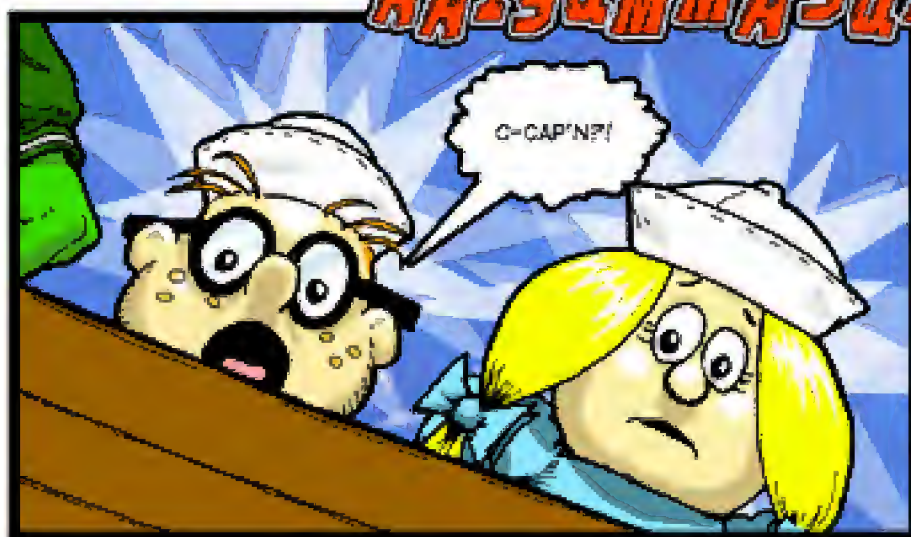




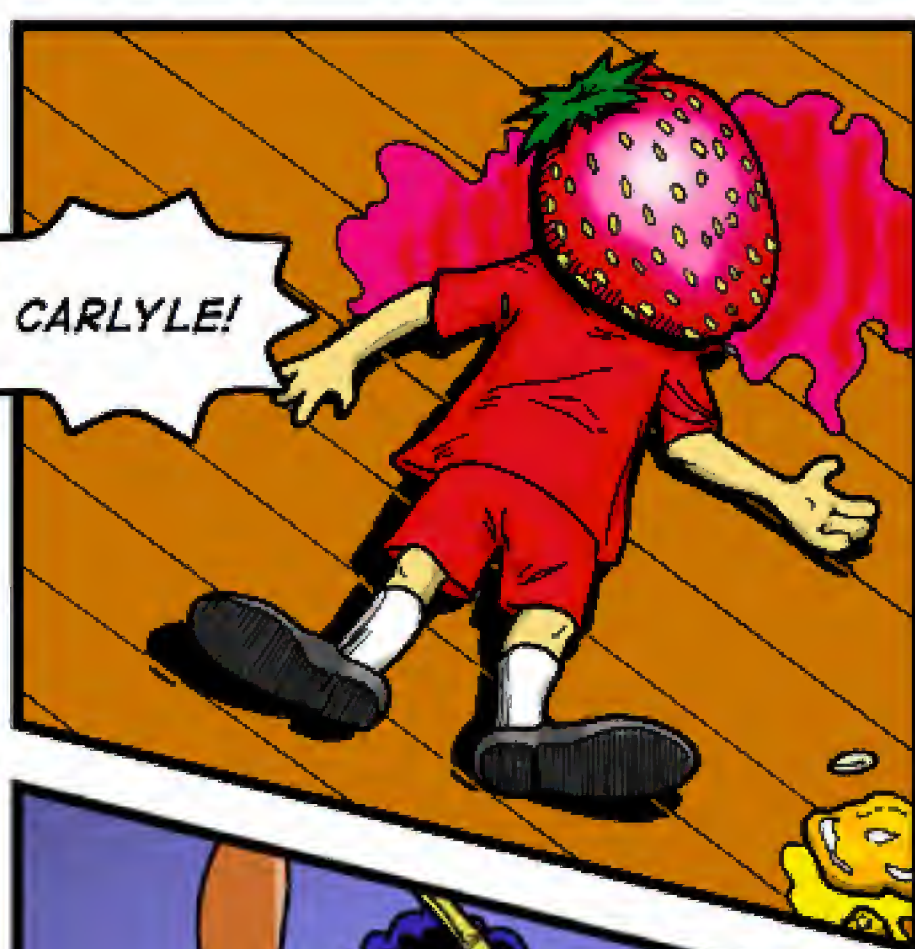




ААГУЦММАУЦММАУЦММА!!!!







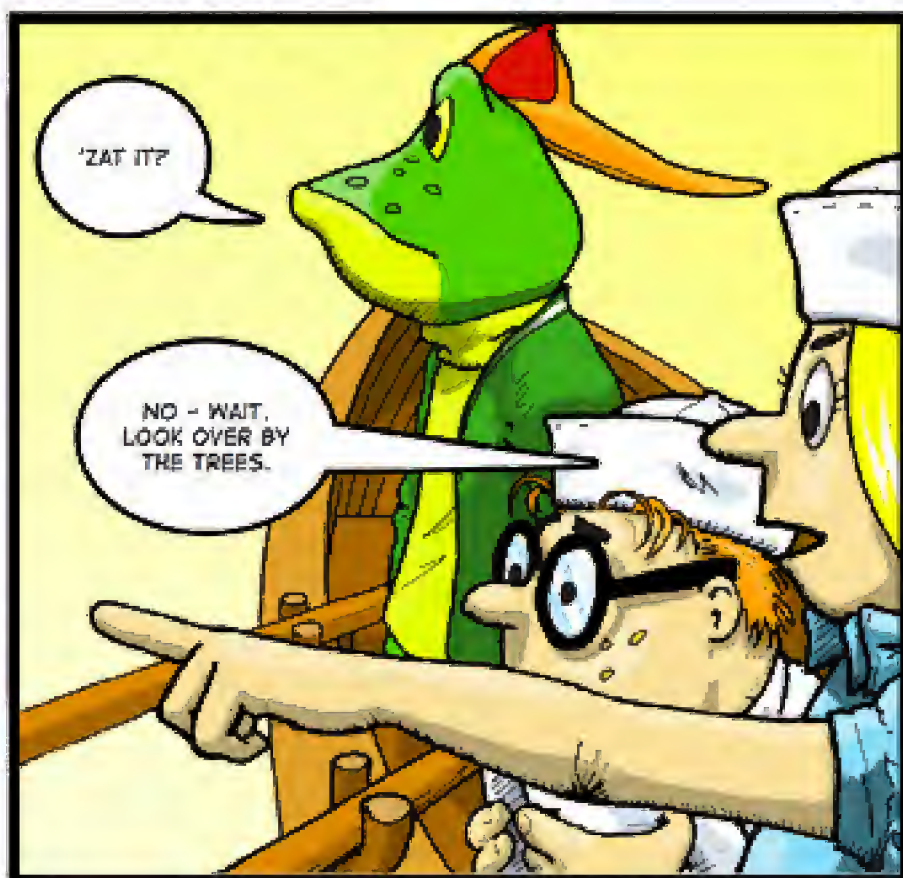




STAY ON YOUR GUARD, TONY.

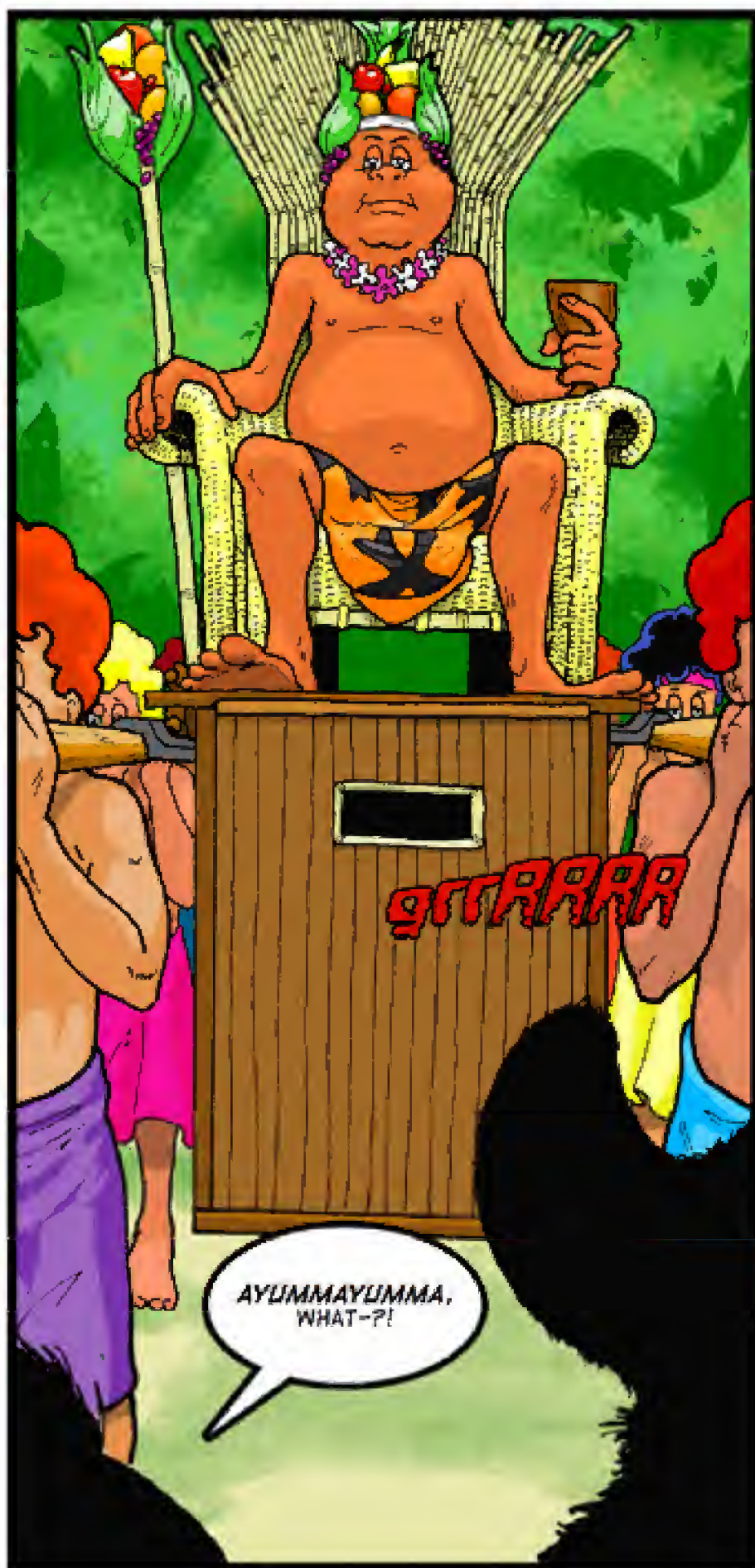
THIS IS A TRAP.

OBVIOUSLY, BUT THIS MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE THE KRISPIES.



'ZAT IT?

NO - WAIT, LOOK OVER BY THE TREES.



GGRRRRRR

AYUMMAYUMMA, WHAT-?!



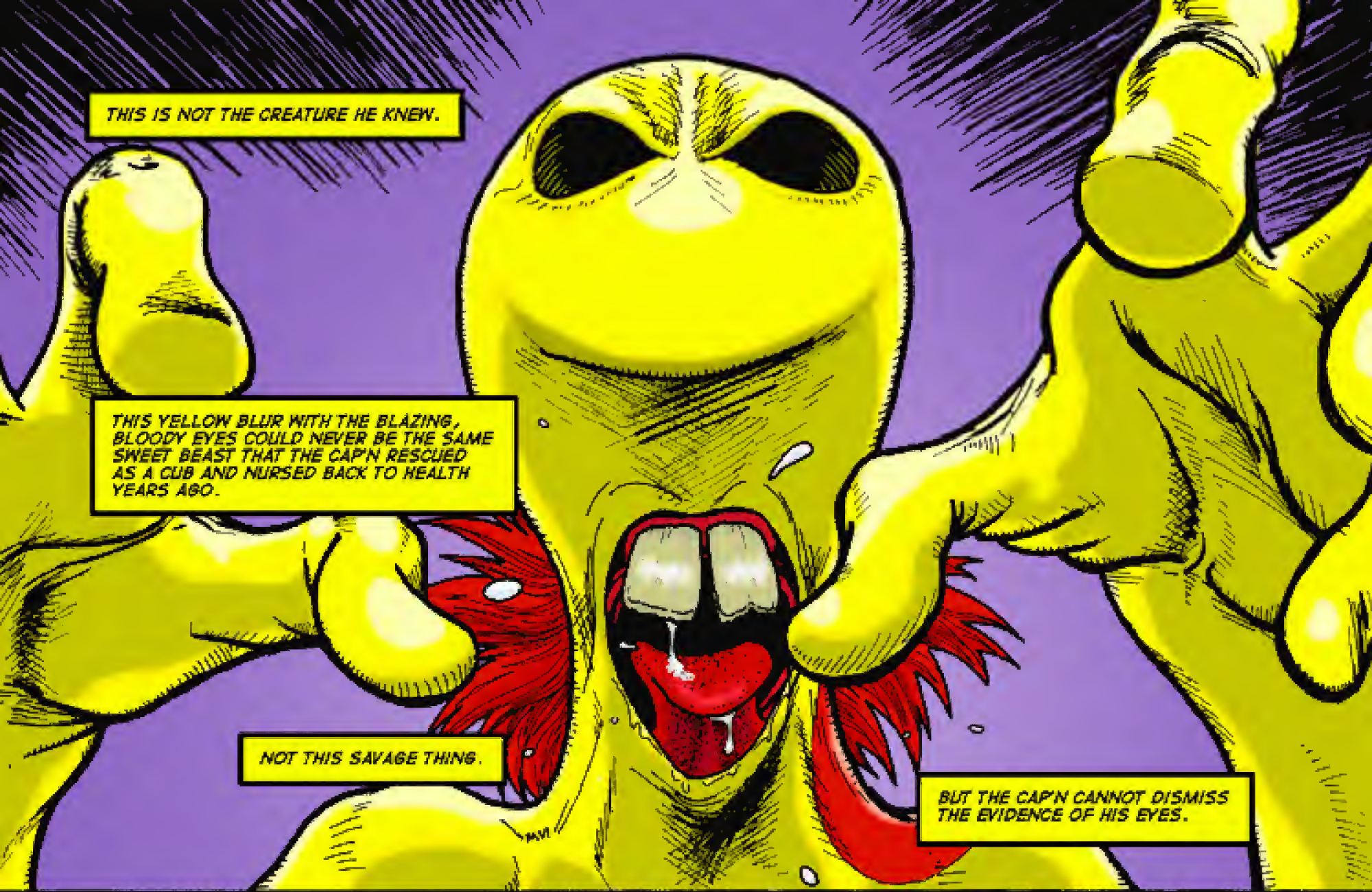
STAY BACK, CAP'N, THERE'S SOMETHING-

SHK-CHHUK

GGRRRRRRRR







THIS IS NOT THE CREATURE HE KNEW.

THIS YELLOW BLUR WITH THE BLAZING, BLOODY EYES COULD NEVER BE THE SAME SWEET BEAST THAT THE CAP'N RESCUED AS A CUB AND NURSED BACK TO HEALTH YEARS AGO.

NOT THIS SAVAGE THING.

BUT THE CAP'N CANNOT DISMISS THE EVIDENCE OF HIS EYES.



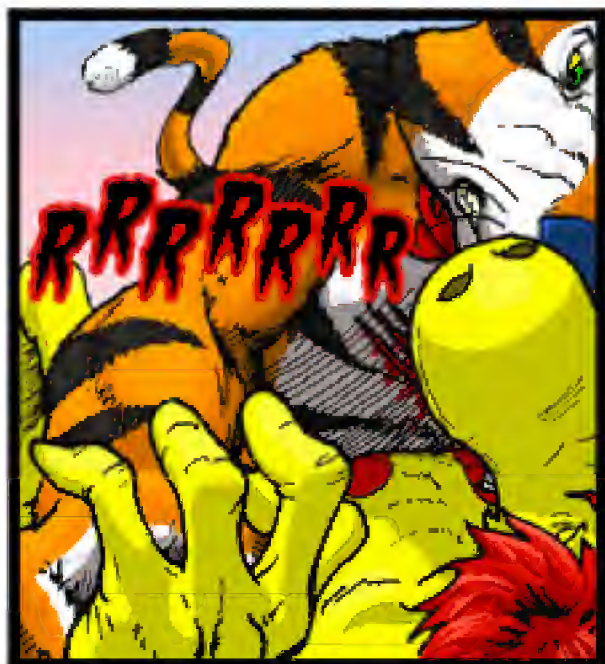
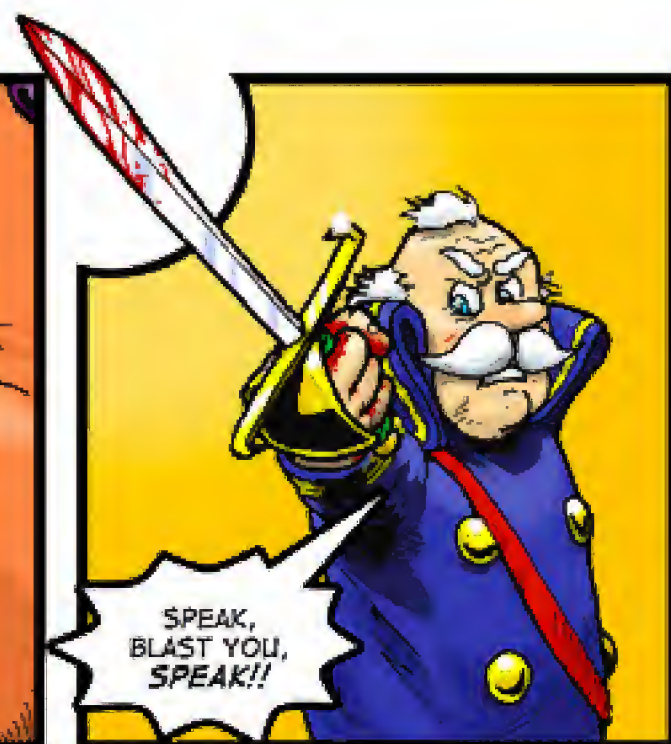
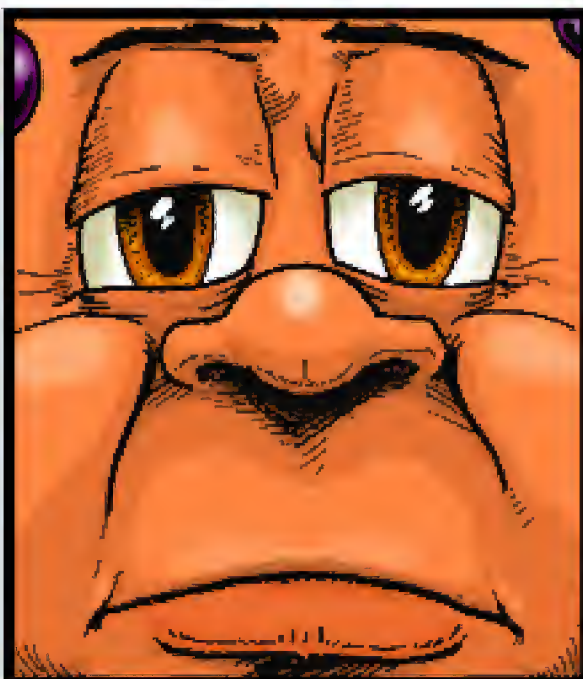
NO - NO -  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE TO  
HIM?!!

HE WILL NEVER LEARN  
OF THE WEEKS THIS  
ONCE GENTLE BEAST  
WAS BEATEN INTO  
MADNESS AND STARVED  
OF THE CRUNCHBERRIES  
THAT WERE ITS SOLE  
SUSTENANCE.

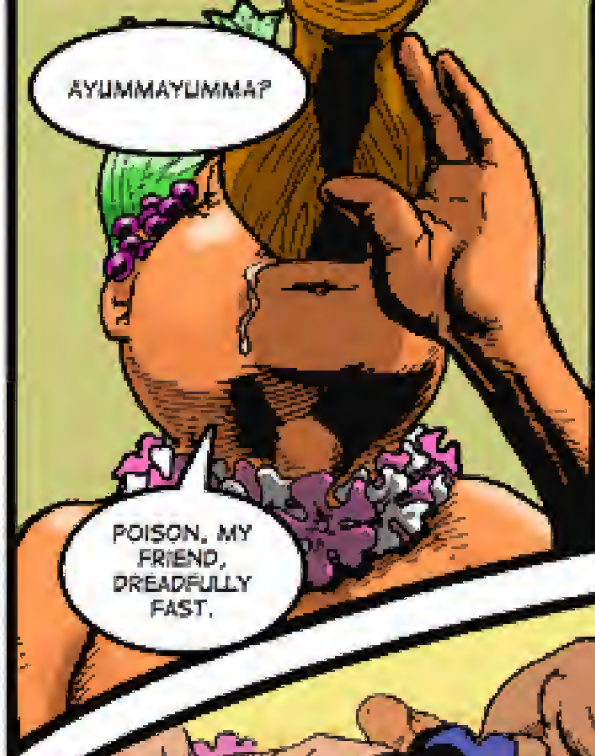


CRUNCH CAN ONLY BEAR  
HORRIFIED WITNESS TO  
THE RESULTS OF SUCH  
CONDITIONING.









AYUMMAYUMMA?

POISON, MY FRIEND,  
DREADFULLY FAST.



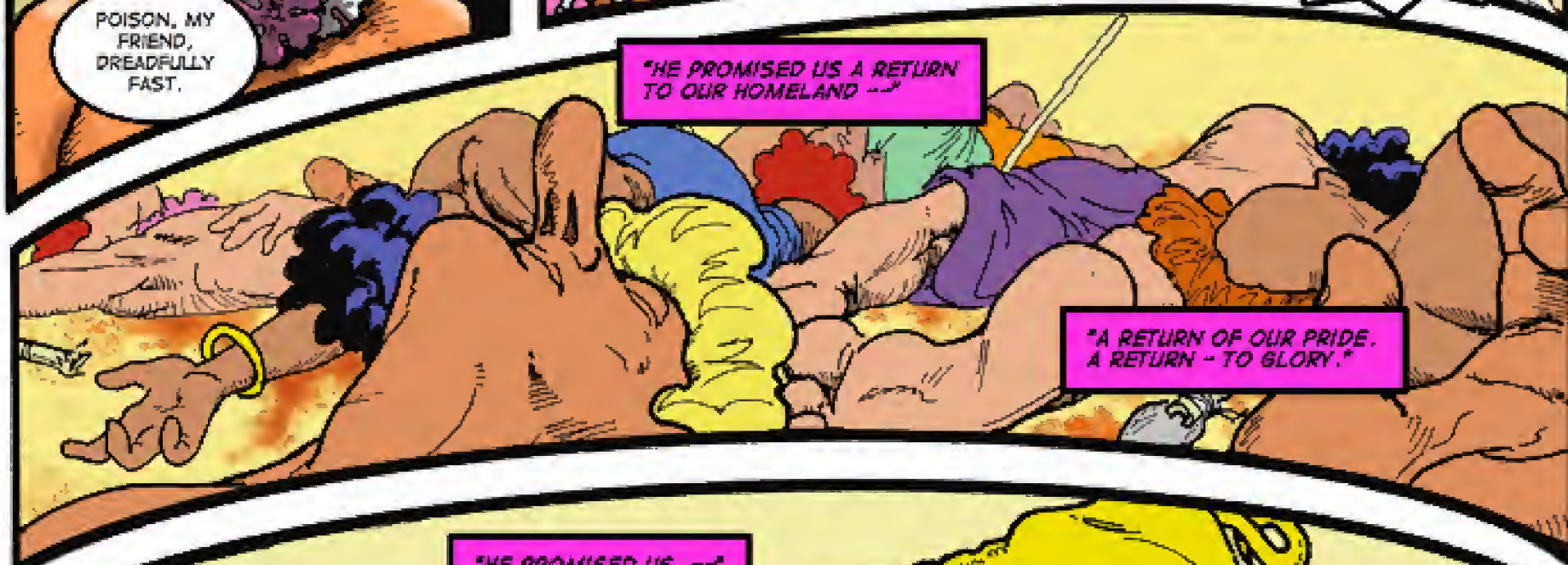
INSANITY!  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE WITH  
SNAP, CRACKLE  
AND POP?

NEVER HAD  
THEM.

THEN THIS  
WAS JUST A  
DIVERSION?

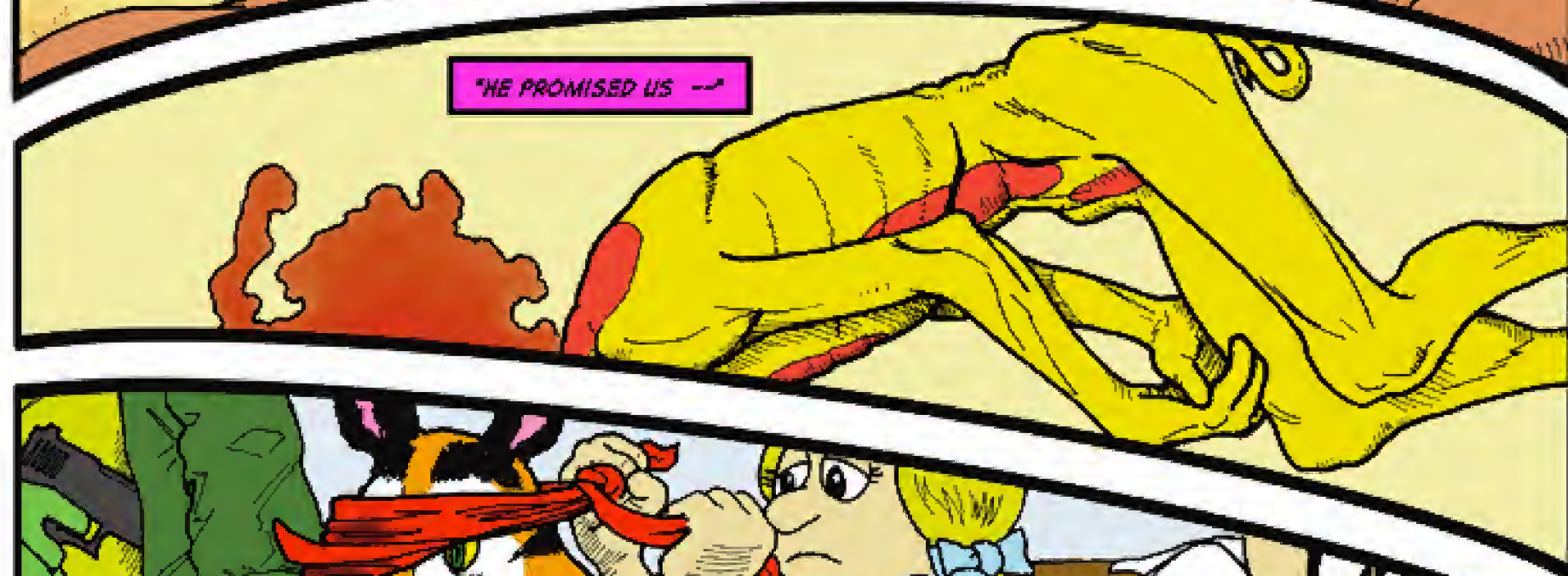


CHOCULA!!

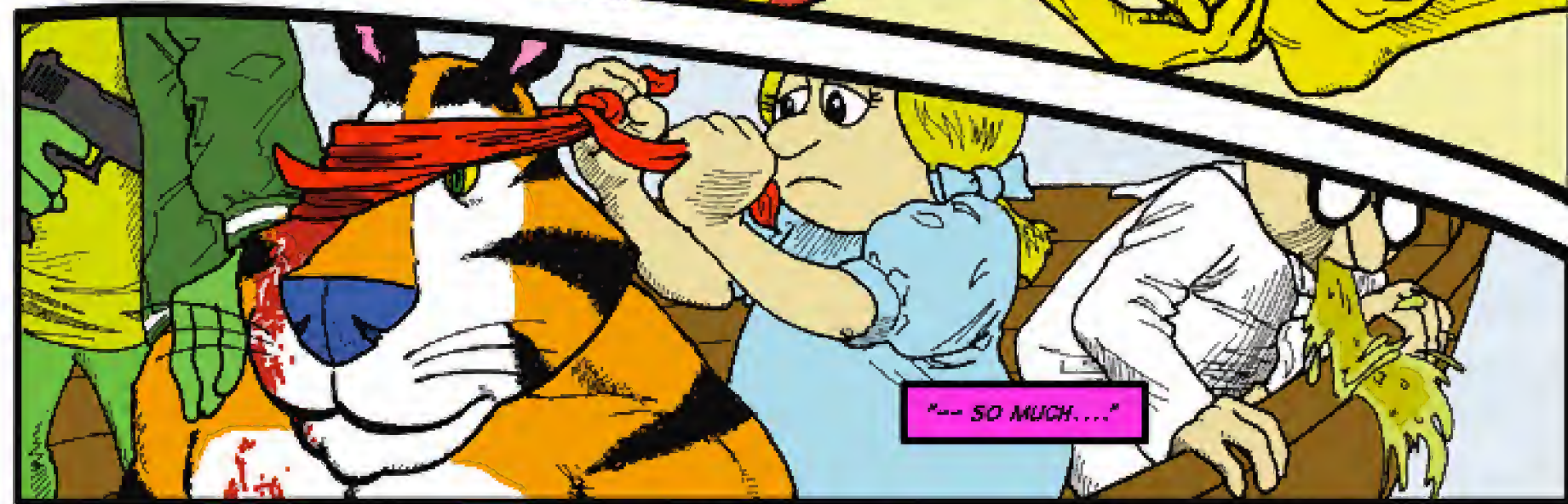


"HE PROMISED US A RETURN  
TO OUR HOMELAND --"

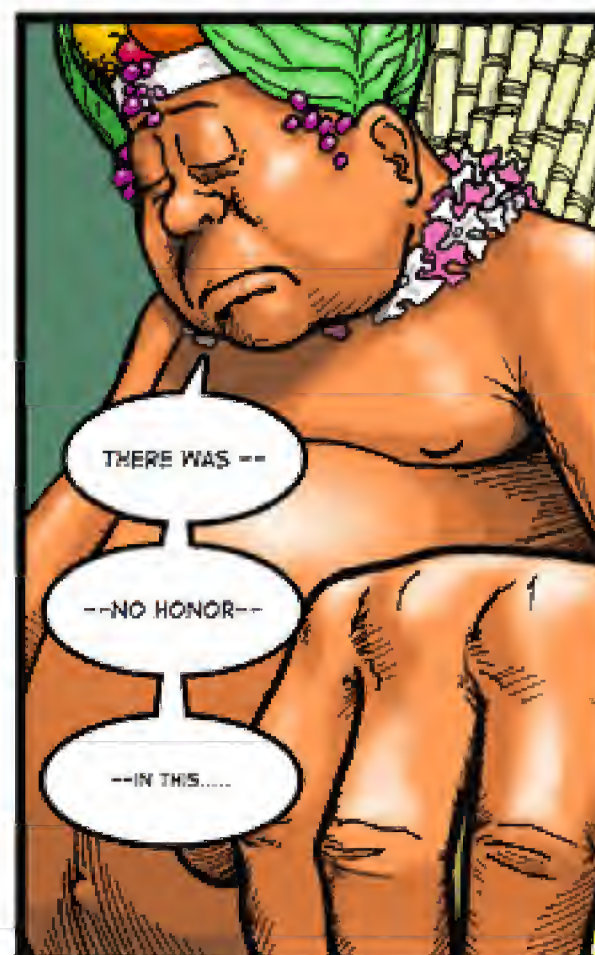
"A RETURN OF OUR PRIDE.  
A RETURN - TO GLORY."



"HE PROMISED US --"



"-- SO MUCH...."



THERE WAS --

--NO HONOR--

--IN THIS.....









WHATTYA MEAN?  
THAT WAS A FIASCO!

SURE, YOU WIPED OUT A  
SAILOR KID, A BERRY-ADDLED  
CRITTER, AND A BUNCH OF  
HULA DANCERS, BUT THE  
CAP'N'S STILL BREATHIN' IN  
CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE.

TH' COUNT NE'ER  
EXPECTED TH' WEE  
NATIVES T' DO AWAY WITH  
GRUNCH. HE'S JUST  
LEADIN' THEM A MERRY  
CHASE.

RIGHT INTO HIS HANDS.  
THE MASTER'S PLAN IS  
UNFOLDING PERFECTLY.

SO IT IS.





ANOTHER MORNING, ANOTHER FUNERAL  
BENEATH THE FREAKIES' TREE.



A SHAME ABOUT  
THE BOY, CAP'N.

I TELL YOU, IF THE  
FRUIT ISLANDS WERE  
IN MY JURISDICTION, I  
WOULD'VE BEEN RIGHT  
THERE WITH YOU.



ANYWAY - SORRY....







OOOH,  
ANOTHER SAD  
MORNINGS!

MORE OF  
THOSE COMING!



SHUT UP  
ALREADY!

...PISSY CAT...



CAP'N, I -

I FEAR IT.  
DOES THAT  
MAKE ME  
WEAK?



HEAVENS NO.  
YOU'RE THE  
BRAVEST CREATURE  
I'VE EVER KNOWN.

ONLY A FOOL OR A LIAR  
WOULD CLAIM THEY FEEL  
NO TREPIDATION WHEN  
FACING THE INEVITABLE.

WE'RE ALL BOUND FOR  
THE SAME UNCHARTED  
SHORES, TONY. EVEN  
THOSE OF US WHO'VE  
BORROWED MORE THAN  
THEIR SHARE OF TIME.

I WILL NOT  
BESRUDGE DEATH  
WHEN IT COMES  
FOR ME, I ONLY  
PRAY IT FINDS ME  
READY.

I SUPPOSE THERE'S  
A PLACE FOR ALL OF  
US UNDER THE  
FREAKIES' TREE.

NOT FOR ME. I THINK  
THE SEA SHOULD BE MY  
RESTING PLACE ---  
SOMETHING SUITING AN  
OLD SAILOR.



LISTEN TO US! PLANNING  
OUR FUNERALS AS IF  
CHOCULA'S VICTORY WAS A  
FOREBONE CONCLUSION!

WELL IT'S NOT!  
IT CAN'T BE - NOT IF  
OUR SACRIFICES ARE  
TO MEAN SOMETHING!



THAT'S THE  
SPIRIT, TONY!

NEVER LOSE HOPE,  
BECAUSE HOPE IS  
WHAT FEEDS OUR  
SOULS, HOPE IS WHAT  
LIGHTS OUR  
MORNINGS, AND HOPE  
IS AN ESSENTIAL PART  
OF A NUTRITIOUS  
BREAKFAST!



ER ---  
NOW WHAT?



"NOW WE GET SOME HELP."

"FROM WHO?"

"FROM SOMEONE WHO CAN BE OUR EYES AND, EVEN MORE SO, OUR EARS INSIDE CASTLE GHOCULA. A MASTER OF DISGUISE."

ALL THE KASPIED

"WELL, GOOD LUCK. I ALREADY PUT OUT A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS AND CAME UP EMPTY."

"OH NO, HE WON'T VOLUNTEER. BUT HE WILL HELP US -"

"...FOR A PRICE."

EH, GOOD DAY. MY FRIEND AND I WISH TO RETAIN YOUR SERVICES.





START TALKIN'.

T. RABBIT